

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you Nuns no farther priuiledges?
 Nun. Are not these large enough?
 Isa. Yes truly; I speake not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
 Isa. Who's that which calls?
 Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle Isabell,
 Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
 You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
 When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,
 But in the presence of the Prioreesse;
 Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
 Or if you show your face, you must not speake:
 He calls againe: I pray you answere him.

Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that calls?
 Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
 Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
 As bring me to the sight of Isabell?

A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister,
 To her vnhappy brother Claudio?

Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabell, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
 Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,
 He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
 With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to isse the
 Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
 I hold you as a thing en-skied, and fained,
 By your renoucement, an immortal spirit
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
 Luc. Doe not beleue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
 Your brother, and his loue haue embrac'd;
 As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
 That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison: euen so her plenteous wombe
 Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen Iuliet?
 Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
 By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
 In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
 By those that know the very Nerves of State,
 His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
 From his true meant designe: vpon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)
 Gouvernes Lord Angelo; A man, whose blood
 Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feelles
 The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
 But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
 With profites of the minde: Studie, and fast
 He (to giue feare to vs, and libertie,
 Which haue, for long, run by the hideous law,
 As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
 Vnder whole heauy sence, your brothers life
 Fals into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
 And followes close the rigor of the Statute
 To make him an example: all hope is gone,
 Vlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier
 To soften Angelo: And that's my pith of businesse
 'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he so,
 Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,
 And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant
 For's execution.

Isa. Alas: what poore
 Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Alas the powre you haue.
 Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
 And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord Angelo
 And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
 Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
 All their petitions, are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.
 Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it strait;
 No longer staying, but to giue the Mother
 Notice of my affaie: I humbly thanke you:
 Commend me to my brother: soone at night
 Ile send him certaine word of my successe.

Luc. I take my leaue of you.
 Isa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
 Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
 And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
 Their pearch, and not their terror.

Ese. I, but yet
 Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
 Then fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this gentleman
 Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,
 Let but your honour know
 (Whom I beleue to be most strait in vertue)
 That in the working of your owne affections,
 Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of our blood
 Could haue attaind the effect of your owne purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Escalus)

Another

Another thing to fall: I not deny
 The lury passing on the Prisoners life
 May in the sworne-twelve haue a thiefe, or two
 Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
 That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
 That theeeues do passe on theeeues? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
 We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Ese. Be it as your wisdom will.
 Ang. Where is the Prouost?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
 Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
 Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
 For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Ese. Well: heauen forgie him; and forgie vs all:
 Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:
 Some run from brakes of Ice, and anwere none,
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good peo-
 ple in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their
 abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them
 away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's
 the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes
 Constable, and my name is Elbow; I doe leane vpon Ius-
 tice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
 two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?
 Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what
 they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,
 and void of all propnation in the world, that good
 Christians ought to haue.

Ese. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.
 Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? Elbow is
 your name?

Why do'st thou not speake Elbow?

Clow. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that
 serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)
 pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a
 hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Ese. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and
 your honour.

Ese. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo-
 man.

Ese. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also; as well as she,
 that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, is pittie of her
 life, for it is a naughty house!

Ese. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a wo-
 man Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in forni-

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cation, adultery, and all

Ese. By the woman

Elb. I sir, by Mistris

in his face, so she defid

Clow. Sir, if it please

Elb. Proue it befor

ble man, proue it.

Ese. Doe you heare

Clow. Sir, she came in

(sauiug your honors reu

we had but two in the h

time stood, as it were in

pence; your honours ha

China-dishes, but very

Ese. Go too: go too

Clow. No indeede sir

the right: but, to the po

being (as I say) with ch

longing (as I said) for p

the dish (as I said) Mat

uin g earen the rest (as I

very honestly: for, as yo

gieue you three pence ag

Fro. No indeede.

Clow. Very well: you

bred) cracking the stone

Fro. I, so I did indee

Clow. Why, very well

remembred) that such a

cure of the thing you wo

dier, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clow. Why very well

Ese. Come: you are a

what was done to Elbow

complaine of? Come m

Clow. Sir, your honor

Ese. No sir, nor I me

Clow. Sir, but you sh

leane: And I beseech yo

sir, a man of foure-score

died at Hallowmas: W

Froth?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue

Clow. Why very well:

sitting (as I say) in a low

of Grapes, where indee

you not?

Fro. I haue so, becau

for winter.

Clow. Why very well

Ang. This will last o

When nights are longes

And leaue you to the hea

Hoping youle finde goo

Ese. I thinke no lesse

ship. Now Sir, come o

wife, once more?

Clow. Once Sir? there v

Elb. I beseech you Si

my wife.

Clow. I beseech your h

Ese. Well sir, what d

Clow. I beseech you si

good Master Froth look

purpose: doth your hon